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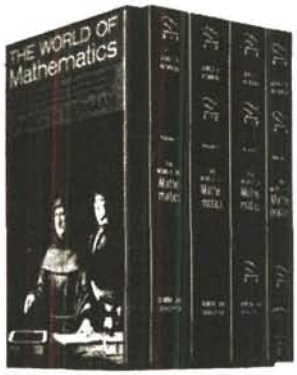

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The Radical Ike

★ Reform political conventions? Dear me, what radical notion will that General Eisenhower have next? In 1860 Lincoln managers forged admission tickets in order to outshout Seward. In 1912 Wilson men went Champ Clark one better and whooped it up for an hour and a quarter, starting at 3:20 am. At Madison Square Garden in 1924 Al Smith's boys paraded 77 minutes because McAdoo's crowd had.

Now they have let radio and TV in, and spoiled everything. How can you use prime time for a spontaneous ovation (arranged six months ahead) when the captive TV audience would prefer a prizefight? Limiting ovations to five minutes is rational, of course, if you consider the rest of the process rational, like letting 1,500 bewildered delegates write a four-year platform and nominate a candidate, all in five days. Woodrow Wilson proposed dropping conventions altogether. But there seems to be no substitute for them under the separation of powers and the federal system. Something could be done, however, about reforming political parties, giving them continuity, annual conventions, democratic financing. Why stop at conventions?

The recovery of the Republican Party since November is disappointing. In a technical way everyone knew that its wounds were deep and its morale shattered yet it is not making the progress it should. In a way the party was better off after the split of 1912. Four years later Teddy was supporting Hughes. The bolt was complete but short. Now Goldwater says he won't bolt under any circumstances; he will just sit around – on the party's neck. Round the country Goldwaterites and Birchites are fighting liberals, like the spite candidacy of Buckley in New York City against Lindsay.

Barry himself is fronting a Free Society Association as only the latest and potentially most lucrative splinter group. The gathering here of the Republican National Committee last week was a lugubrious affair. One couldn't help feeling sorry for the unfortunate chairman, Ray Bliss. They were evidently trying to shoulder Barry into the wings. The official stance was a merry Ha, ha, ha, when the bizarre episode of the rifled desk at national headquarters in a Goldwater feud was mentioned. ("I have to hurry back to my office," said Senator Thruston Morton of Kentucky, "I left my desk unlocked." Ha, ha, ha.)

In Bad Shape

★ Yes, the Republican Party is in bad shape. It will be outside events, I guess, not its own efforts, that will restore it. Chairman Bliss said they would have to do more to capture cities, and suburbs, and Negroes. He looked around. No Negroes present in the well-heeled audience. Simultaneously Senator Dirksen is backing a constitutional amendment that would let Mississippi, and other states, allocate seats in one chamber of the state legislature on factors other than one-man, one-vote. He has brought in the California public relations firm of Whitaker & Baxter to "sell" the idea, about the first appearance of these celebrated literary mercenaries on the national scene. Even as modified, the proposal seems a trap for civil rights. It will not commend itself to Negro voters. Negroes must have odd feelings about the Constitution. There it stands, Article 14, Section 2: ". . . But when the right to vote at any election . . . is denied . . . or in any way abridged . . . the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear the whole number of male citizens. . . ." It was written into the Constitution in 1866. Is there any doubt that Mississippi abridges Negro voting? There can't be. Is the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party having any success in reducing the number of Congressmen? None whatever. I sat beside a gnarled, wizened little leader from Mississippi the other day who had literally risked home and life to try to get this clear mandate of the Constitution obeyed by Congress. It left me with a feeling of guilt that he was doing so much for law observance; I so little.

LBJ and Congress

★ Stories are being written that President Johnson is having more opposition from Congress. In a sense this is true. He is passing out of the field of "consensus" legislation into more difficult issues. But what a record! It is funny how quickly we take it for granted. I think the press is hunting for signs of revolt out of boredom. While TRB believes in the two-party system, surely we are entitled to a holiday from Republican opposition every so often.

Take this federal rent subsidy which we mentioned last week. Democrats in the House beat a last-ditch effort to kill it, 208-202. Republicans voted against it, 130 to four. (NY's Rep. John Lindsay, fusion candidate for mayor, was one of the four.) This is a radical step, the most far-out proposal, perhaps, that President Johnson has offered. Under rigidly restricted circumstances the federal government would give rent "supplements" (subsidies) direct to families in private housing, just as it now gives concealed subsidies to families in public housing. We think it is a good thing. But if it had not squeaked through the House we guess it would have been shelved for a long time, perhaps 20 years.

Look at the Johnson record. Congress has passed the $1.1 billion Appalachian bill; the $1.3 billion school-aid bill and the excise-tax-repeal bill. Medicare has passed the House, Civil Rights the Senate; there are other measures, like air and water pollution control, the creation of a department of housing, and the like. Many of these are toe-in-the-door programs for future amplification. Only Goldwater's candidacy made many of them possible!

We have doubts about LBJ's foreign policy. Sometimes we feel we do not love him as we should. But he is the hardest-working President in this century. And his domestic record in this Congress will be historic.

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After Freedom

The Civil Rights Act of 1964 was passed just a year ago in a frenzy of optimism. President Johnson went on television and announced that the government would henceforth forbid all racial discrimination. Civil rights leaders embarked on a triumphal procession through the South, testing this restaurant and that hotel for evidence of the new freedom. Editorial writers decided that the major legislative effort in civil rights was now completed. Twenty million Negroes began to believe that their lives would rapidly change.

A year later, that optimism has receded. Congress has not legislated a revolution. The Civil Rights Act attacked the most obvious and hence the most vulnerable excesses of segregation, the ones that made the least economic sense in the short run. So doing, it stripped off the top layer of the civil rights "problem." Underneath were the real issues: unemployment, slums, apathy, ghettos, voicelessness and fear. Negroes were discriminated against in a thousand ways that the Civil Rights Act did not consider, and which indeed had nothing to do with "equal protection of the law." The 1964 Act, and the one guaranteeing voting rights which presumably will come later this summer, are what President Johnson called "perhaps the end of the beginning." In his Howard University commencement address last month, the President recognized that legislative guarantees of freedom provide only the structure in which the Negroes' social problems can be resolved. "Freedom is not enough," he said. "You do not wipe away the scars of centuries by saying now you're free to go where you want and do as you desire and choose the leaders you please."

Even as an "end to the beginning" the 1964 Act has not yet fulfilled its promises. The section on voting rights is useless on its face; the consequences of the compromise which produced it were Selma and the Voting Rights Bill of 1965. The employment section goes into effect this month. If the chairman of the Fair Employment Practices Commission it creates can assemble a staff and find an office, there may be some modest progress, although the experience of the 28 states that have their own (usually tougher) FEPC laws suggests not. The section which permits the Attorney General to intervene in local civil rights cases has been little used. The Community Relations Service, which has been run with heartwarming enthusiasm by Governor Collins, has proved to have a very limited role, quite on the periphery of the gut problems of race relations in local communities,

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and Title VI, which allows the government to demand desegregation as a condition for giving billions of dollars annually in federal aid for state and local programs, is unevenly enforced. There have been no punitive cut-offs of money. So far, it has caused only token changes in segregation patterns in the South. There are no implications yet for enforcement of integration in programs that practice *de facto* segregation, particularly in the North. An investigator from a government agency recently went to a school in a Maryland suburb of Washington, D. C., to see how well the vocational education program – subsidized by federal funds – was integrated. The school had been at least nominally desegregated for ten years; there were whites and Negroes in the same classroom, and there were no signs denoting separate facilities for the races. But all the Negroes in "voc. ed." were learning automobile body repair, and all the whites were learning electronics. The Negroes' vicious circle – poor environment, under-motivation, and low expectations by whites – could not be broken. Enforcement of Title VI, of course, was no answer at all.

In scores of other programs (there are about 190 in all) Title VI has not been even superficially enforced. The Civil Rights Commission, which keeps well up on such things, recently discovered that the Agriculture Department had been running a totally segregated extension program in the South. Thousands of hospitals, clinics and welfare programs which get Health, Education and Welfare Department funds discriminate in all sorts of ways: Hospitals segregate races by floors or wards (if they admit Negroes at all), and local agencies hire unsympathetic white Southerners to administer welfare programs to Negroes.

The government agencies in Washington plead lack of investigative facilities, and they are right. HEW was the only department which forthrightly asked Congress for money for that purpose. That reasonable request – for $250,000 – was turned down *in toto*. "So far, compliance with Title VI is a matter of paper-shuffling," one federal civil rights official said. The guidelines for compliance with Office of Education rules on school desegregation have been set, and Southern states and school districts have sent in all manner of promises of good behavior. But there are many ways to maintain essentially segregated schools once a handful of Negroes are let into the white facilities.

Only in public accommodations has the Civil Rights Act had a significant effect in a way which Southern Negroes can know personally. In most big cities in the South, hotels and restaurants admit Negroes, more or less courteously. "White" and "colored" signs are down in bus stations and rest rooms, although in more cases than not the ancient customs of segregation are observed by the locals, if not the travelers. In rural areas, desegregation has proceeded slowly.

By and large, the public accommodations law has affected middle-class Negroes – those who eat in restaurants, sleep in hotels, and travel long distances for business or holiday. The great mass of poor Negroes remains untouched by that section, and indeed by the whole Act. They know now that despite the psychological benefits, and the modicum of dignity which derives from passage of any civil rights law, the 1964 Act has done little to change their lives. If anything, it has proved to them – and perhaps to President Johnson and the rest of the country – that the impetus for social change must come from the people themselves, under the umbrella of sympathetic but basically neutral government, which will help only when asked. There can certainly be more legislation. But the Civil Rights Act of 1966 – or 1970, or 1980 – will be set in a different framework: "The task is to give 20 million Negroes the same chance as every other American to learn and grow," said the President.

Long Battle

Senator Russell Long of Louisiana has carried on a running six-year battle to ensure that patents arising out of federally sponsored research remain in the public domain. US taxpayers will put up over $15-billion this year to finance defense, space, medical and other scientific research and development. Yet there is no consistent, comprehensive government policy detailing who is to have the right to the commercial exploitation of products and processes developed with this money.

When exclusive rights are given to a government contractor or grant holder he may charge exorbitant prices to the public who by furnishing the money made the invention possible. In 1962 a pharmaceutical company briefly held the exclusive right to market a test kit developed to detect the onset of a rare form of mental retardation in infants. The kits, which had been developed under government grants, could be made for about $6. The company sold them for $262. Subsequently the agreement that gave the company exclusive rights to produce the kit was rescinded and patent rights were retained by the government.

Senator Long has managed to tack amendments, prohibiting the giveaway of patents on an exclusive basis, to several pieces of legislation, including the Saline Water Act, the Arms Control and Development Act and the Appalachia Regional Development Act. While he has been able to outmaneuver individual industrial lobbies, he has little hope of winning a battle in which he would play David to all the industrial Goliaths at once. A bill sponsored by Senator Long is one of three to be considered by the Senate Judiciary Patent Subcommittee this week. The Long bill would give ex-

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clusive rights to an invention to a government contractor only when he has himself sustained the major share of R & D expenses. The other bills, offered by Senators McClellan and Saltonstall, leave more discretion to the federal agency administrators. The Long bill will probably languish and die in committee. Last week the Senate voted down an attempt to attach a Long rider to the Public Health Service Act. The amendment would have prevented drugs developed with federal money being sold at scalpers' prices in a monopoly market.

AMA in Disarray

At their meeting in New York the American Medical Association's House of Delegates recognized that Medicare is finally on its way to becoming law, despite their 19 years of violent and expensive opposition. (The AMA spent $951,570 in the first quarter of this year to lobby Congress.) They began a painful adjustment, but remain unreconciled. The outgoing president, Dr. Donovan F. Ward, suggested darkly that the will of the public was being subverted by an unscrupulous Administration and an unscrupulous Congress. He claimed the polls show that 74 to 80 percent of the people favor the AMA's own Eldercare plan, a fact which had somehow escaped general notice. Dr. James Z. Appel, the new AMA president, called Medicare's supporters in Congress a flock of misled "political sheep," no doubt adding to the AMA's popularity on Capitol Hill. He accused them of ignoring their own constituents and listening to the "siren song" sung by "the sweet voices of the labor leaders and the ivory towers. . . ."

Eight state delegations – Arizona, Connecticut, Florida, Louisiana, Ohio, Nebraska, South Carolina and Texas – sponsored resolutions calling for a doctors' strike against Medicare when it becomes law. When Appel said this would be unethical and un-American, he was denounced by some of his fellow physicians. Dr. Frederic M. Ball of Charleston, S. C., accused him of asking doctors to "walk like zombies or sheep into involuntary servitude" under a program to "extend Fascist control over our hospitals and physicians."

AMA leaders blocked declaration of a boycott. But the House of Delegates emphasized that individual AMA members can refuse to participate in Medicare if they want to. The House also reasserted the AMA's claim to be the sole judge of what is good for the people. "The medical profession," it declared, "will render care according to the system it believes in the public interest and . . . will not be a willing party to implementing any system which it believes to be detrimental to the public welfare."

This was more a catharsis of frustration than a threat. AMA warnings used to rattle the windows of Congress. No more. The organization's once formidable political power has declined. Its championship of Goldwater candidates last year backfired. Its leadership is being challenged by once submissive allies in the health field. Even its own ranks are in some disarray.

The fact is that powerful forces have eroded the AMA's strength. The postwar scientific revolution has glorified research, specialization, and the team approach to medicine. The family doctor has been downgraded. Medicine has become compartmentalized, less amenable to blanket representation by a single large organization. The medical researchers have allied themselves with the universities and such fonts of federal support as the National Institutes of Health. Medical educators have tended to veer away from the AMA to champion causes like federal operating funds for medical schools. Thousands of specialists have shown more interest in their own societies than in the AMA.

Dr. John G. Freymann of Memorial Hospital in Worcester, Mass., reported: "With a few outstanding exceptions, most scientific and academic leaders of American medicine do not participate in the national organization, to say nothing of local and state societies." He said that an increasing number of specialists either ignore the AMA or oppose it, so that ultraconservatives remain in control by default.

The increasing complexity of modern medicine, plus the growth of health insurance, is shifting the center of care from doctors' offices to hospitals. Medicare will accelerate this trend. The American Hospital Association is suddenly emerging as a rival power in the health field. The AMA acknowledged the threat by delivering an unprecedented attack on the AHA during the recent Medicare hearings in the Senate. It accused the hospital group of trying to seize "ever-widening control over the provision of medical care in this country." Although they didn't say so, AMA leaders were also furious about the AHA's benevolent attitude toward Medicare.

The AMA further compounded its difficulties by clinging stubbornly to an all-or-nothing strategy. Some years, or even months ago, it might have won major concessions to its position. But it insisted on total victory or total defeat – and it got defeat. In one of the more ironic moments of the New York convention, the delegates voted to renew a standing offer to talk with President Johnson about Medicare (they could not bring themselves to adopt a motion "petitioning" Mr. Johnson for a conference). This was a plea to be consulted in the development of the regulations to carry out the new program. The Administration made it clear it would be happy to consult. But this did not ease the AMA's pain. It merely emphasized the dimensions of its defeat.

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South Africa Bars American Negroes

From a Special Correspondent
Pretoria

Twice a year, July 4 and February 22, US Ambassador Joseph C. Satterthwaite clinks glasses with guests of all races and colors at his official residence here, in defiance of South Africa's *apartheid* (segregation) laws and customs. The US consulates in Cape Town, Johannesburg, Durban and Port Elizabeth likewise hold July 4 and George Washington's Birthday receptions at which races and colors intermingle.

The government of Prime Minister Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd frowns mightily on all gatherings at which blacks meet whites on terms of equality. Knowing this, and desiring not to offend the government yet unwilling to practice segregation themselves in deference to Verwoerd, some of the smaller embassies have evaded the problem by simply ceasing to celebrate their own national days, at least by giving embassy receptions. But the US and British embassies, the two biggest in the country, have ostentatiously continued to entertain non-white along with white guests.

Knowing that South African government officials won't attend unsegregated functions, Ambassador Satterthwaite has tactfully dropped them from his invitation lists for July 4 and February 22. And the US government has been careful not to include any Negroes, in its diplomatic postings to South Africa, among its air crews landing there, or among the 50 or so Americans who staff the three US satellite tracking stations near Pretoria. (For a similar reason, Jews don't get posted to Saudi Arabia.)

But these tactful US evasions of the race problem have quite failed to appease Dr. Verwoerd. Quite to the contrary, his anger has been steadily and visibly swelling. This month, on the eve of another July 4 celebration in South Africa, Verwoerd's lightning flickered and his thunder rolled again. Dr. Verwoerd said the government wouldn't allow American Negroes into South Africa to work at the three US satellite tracking stations. By doing so, he confronted the US with a painful challenge that threatened to nullify US tact (or, as some might prefer to put it, expose US hypocrisy). For, though the US has never assigned Negroes to South Africa, it can scarcely take Verwoerd's *verboten* lying down. The tracking stations may be closed unless Verwoerd backs off.

The South African Prime Minister appears to be eager to get into a row with the US. In May, he suddenly insisted that, if the US sent advance planes to a South African military airfield from the US carrier *Independence*, as the US had requested, the air crews must be white. US air crews had landed in South Africa before and no questions had been asked about their race—the South African government knew perfectly well that the US did not assign Negroes to duty in South Africa. But now, under Verwoerd's gun, the US cancelled the visit to Cape Town of the *Independence*.

Verwoerd last month referred mysteriously to this cancellation as "the intervention of the United States," and a commentator on the state-owned South African broadcasting corporation alleged that the US had, somehow, deliberately engineered the entire incident. But South Africa's leader of the Opposition, Sir de Villiers Graaf, criticized Verwoerd in Parliament. Dr Verwoerd accused him of being "the mouthpiece of the American ambassador."

Much of the South African press supports the Parliamentary Opposition, opposes the Verwoerd government, and has shown considerable sympathy with the US in this controversy. Politics apart, the South African government has annoyed many white South Africans by its doctrinaire extensions of its bans on mixing of races. Now, mixing is forbidden at all public entertainments and sports events. The government insists upon separate entrances, separate ticket offices, separate foyers, separate refreshment stands, separate toilets and separate seating in all halls, stadiums, amphitheaters and so forth. The Cape Town City Council is in trouble over having mixed audiences attend symphony concerts in City Hall, which wasn't built for separating races. When he first read about the government's ban, the chairman of the city's general purposes committee, Fritz Sonnenberg, exclaimed "The government has gone haywire!"

Pleas for exemption from the segregation decree have poured in from all over the country; from sports and entertainments organizers, churches, bazaars, youth organizations, and boy scouts and girl guides. But the government woodenly continues stepping up its segregation measures rather than relaxing them. It says sports events in "predominantly white" areas can be attended only by whites. In South Africa, National League soccer is *played* only by whites, but until now about a quarter of the season's two million spectators have been non-white.

The Johannesburg *Sunday Times* has declared that Verwoerd's public insistence on the US sending only white air crewmen to South Africa was meant as a rebuke to US Ambassador Satterthwaite. The paper recalled that the South African Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Muller, had announced that the Ambassador's persistence in having persons of color attend embassy receptions was causing growing irritation to the South African government.

Sympathizing with the US attitude rather than with South Africa's segregationist stand, the *Rand Daily*

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Mail, which is also published in Johannesburg, pointed out that four US Negroes are now serving their country abroad as ambassadors, but the US has hitherto gone out of its way to appease the South African government by appointing "whites only" to its diplomatic corps in South Africa. The *Mail* asked how long the US could in fact go on "reflecting the racial character of the American people everywhere in Africa except in South Africa," adding: "It is hard to believe that the Negro leadership in America will not start paying attention to anomalies of this kind."

The statements by Dr. Verwoerd and Dr. Muller may have brought that day closer. The *Natal Mercury* headlined the Prime Minister's and Foreign Minister's announcements "Unbelievable Blunder" and the *Cape Times*, pointing out that one day South Africa and the US may find themselves fighting side by side in an East-West war, asked if the South African government would then still insist that the US use only all-white air crews.

William F. Buckley, Jr.

Droit de Seigneur In New York

William F. Buckley will run for Mayor of New York as offering of the Conservative Party, which was organized in 1962 and has as its dedication the torment of Nelson Rockefeller's Republicans. He is a rare specimen in the otherwise vulgar throng of candidates. At the time of his declaration he was the only one to have the nomination of every party he wanted. And he was the only one who did not merely disdain his opponents but rather disdained the office itself.

"Do you want to be Mayor of New York?", an attendant journalist asked him.

"I haven't considered it," the candidate answered.

New York has so many candidates for Mayor that, on the day even the most refined of them announces, he is not so much presented to the voters as processed into an army by a permanent induction cadre of television cameramen, sound engineers and surfeited reporters.

Buckley rose marvelously above a process which demands of its victims the most abject solicitude for the love or at least the goodwill of every citizen and almost every politician. He read for television a 15-minute statement of principles in a tone like nothing so much as that of an Edwardian resident commissioner announcing the 39 articles of the Anglican establishment to a conscript assemblage of Zulus.

The manner triumphed so entirely over the matter that legions of the poor will no doubt wander the streets for weeks with no firm impression but the unwarranted one that the summer after Buckley's inauguration, all able-bodied welfare clients will be summoned to Sharon, Conn., to beat the frogs in the family lily-pond so that the Mayor can sleep at night.

Buckley's declaration was a surprisingly loud call for an activist and even more expensive city government, with its proportion of promises to spend as heavily out of balance with its promises to save as those of any ordinary politician. For 12 years now, Robert F. Wagner has been operating an anarcho-capitalist administration whose principles one would have thought perfectly suited to Buckley's but whose results have driven him to the advocacy of more and costlier government.

"We need . . .", Buckley read, "a much larger police force, enjoined to lust after the apprehension of criminals even as politicians lust after the acquisition of votes. . . . The city of New York should investigate the feasibility of providing an indemnity for victims of certain kinds of crime. . . . Special financial inducements should be given to first-rate teachers to persuade them to take on the rigors of teaching undisciplined and uncooperative students."

He would seem then ready to match any promise his rivals can make for a free-spending government and even to go beyond their notion of government's prerogatives, since he is the first of the candidates to conceive it a Mayor's right and duty to enjoin his civil servants to cultivate unholy passions.

The urgency of Buckley's declaration turned to a charming languor in the question period. He said that he had no hope – the tone said, more precisely, no fear – of election. He did not expect a strenuous campaign. "I will not," he declared from the depths of aesthetic sensibility, "walk the streets."

An active campaign would involve neglect of his *National Review*, a magazine Otto Van Hapsburg cherishes as talking sense to the American people. It is an unfortunate fact of the American political system that Buckley feels more responsibility for the *National Review* than John Lindsay has for the Congress, City Council President Paul Screvane for the City Council or Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., for anything.

One visitor, with a sense that the passion of a man's words should have some relation to the passion of his spirit, suggested that Buckley ought to consider getting more intimately before the voters.

"Do you think," the candidate smiled, "I ought to go to Harlem?"

He was vague about his running mates. There was, however, a vacant berth on his sloop for the race to Halifax the day after the Fourth of July.

MURRAY KEMPTON

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Academic Casualty

The University of North Carolina is the oldest state university in the country; it is one of the principal reasons North Carolina enjoys a reputation as a progressive state and a leader in the South's adjustment to the social changes of the last two decades. That reputation makes all the more shocking the serious threat that now confronts the university at the hands of its own people.

Two years ago, at the very end of the legislative session, a law was slipped through prohibiting any known Communist, or person who had invoked the Fifth Amendment, from speaking on any campus of a state institution. The act, which has since come to be called the "gag law" or the "speaker-ban law," was protested by the university's officials and trustees after its enactment; little opportunity for protest was provided before passage, since no hearings were held. There seems to have been no public demand for the law at the time and the manner in which it was pushed through suggests that its sponsors feared it would not pass if open discussion were permitted. No other state in the union, it is believed, has such a law. South Carolina, which does not enjoy North Carolina's reputation for liberalism, turned down a similar measure.

But a law that was easy to put on the statute books without any ground swell of support has proved to be difficult to get off, despite an articulate and strong demand for repeal. The university, the community at Chapel Hill, and other academically oriented groups have maintained a steady opposition. The principal newspapers of big cities like Raleigh, Durham, Greensboro, and Charlotte all urge amendment or outright repeal. In the state senate an influential if quiet movement got going early this year to modify the law so that the trustees and faculty have the authority to permit some banned speakers to appear. At present, speakers who fall under the prohibitions of the act are absolutely banned. This is true, as Harry Golden has pointed out, even if the lecturer is the Polish Ambassador, come to speak about his country's foreign policy, or a Russian scientist to address the medical school.

The key to repeal or modification of the speaker-ban is Governor Dan K. Moore, a cautious man far removed in temperament and thought from recent liberal Democratic governors of the state like Luther Hodges and Terry Sanford. In the Democratic primary in 1964 Moore stood ideologically – if that word can be used with Moore at all – between Terry Sanford's liberal candidate and an out-and-out segregationist and right-winger, Dr. I. Beverly Lake. Moore has always refused to say what he thinks about the law, though it is clear he does not see it as an alarming threat to the university's freedom from political control.

The issue took a new ominous turn when a committee of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools officially informed the governor that the Association might well consider the ban a reason for withdrawing accreditation, on the ground that the university was not free to run its own academic program. Despite this warning, the most the governor was prepared to do was to appoint a five-man committee to investigate its impact on the state. He says that his mail and that of the legislators is running six to one in favor of the ban. He told the law's opponents, "I think we can all appreciate the desire of an educational institution to be free in the pursuit of truth. On the other hand, there should be tolerance for those who have lost sons or husbands in the bloody conflict with Communism. For those who have died, the debate is ended." His view was recently fortified by release of a letter from J. Edgar Hoover to a newspaper editor in the state. The editor had asked the FBI chief for his opinion of the ban-law. Hoover recommended retention, arguing that Communists were trying to use the universities across the country as prestige platforms for their ideas, and should be stopped.

There is little likelihood now that the legislature will take any action on its own this session, despite the reasonable assumption that the Southern Association may well drop the state's educational institutions from its list. Some 150 professors on the Chapel Hill campus and half of the faculty on the Greensboro campus have signed a statement saying that they would feel impelled to seek employment elsewhere if accreditation is lost. As might be expected, such pressure has been interpreted by defenders of the law as typical of fuzzy-minded professors soft on Communism.

The final step is now up to the Southern Association. Loss of accreditation, of course, would be disastrous for the students, the university, and the state. Teachers trained at the university could not be certified to teach in North Carolina itself, since present law requires such training to be taken at an accredited institution. Even athletic programs would be crippled, since organized competition among schools and colleges is predicated upon the academic accreditation of the participants.

One of Luther Hodges' achievements as governor was the establishment of the so-called Research Triangle, situated between Chapel Hill, Duke University at Durham, and State College in Raleigh. This booming research center for industry has attracted new business and much research money into the state; loss of accreditation by two of the three universities associated with the Triangle would affect the Triangle's significant role in advancing the state's economy.

CARL N. DEGLER

DR. DEGLER, *who has been living in Chapel Hill for the past 10 months, is professor of history at Vassar.*

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Thailand – Next Asian Domino?

by Peter S. McGhee

Fear that Thailand might be attacked has dominated United States policy and planning there since 1954. By the rules of the game it is next in the fateful string of Asian dominoes.

From 1946 to 1953 Thailand got $40 million in US aid. In the next three years alone it received $204 million in military assistance and another $105 million in economic assistance: an annual rate 20 times greater than before.

Bridges were built, roads widened, radar stations set up, airfields cut out of the jungle, military bases enlarged. US war colleges bulged with smiling Siamese majors and colonels and brigadier-generals. An American military advisory group took up residence along Bangkok's Sathorn Road, by the canal.

Initially the threat to Thailand was conceived in terms of an army overrunning its borders. But the feared invasion never came. Instead, Thailand found its security menaced internally by clandestine preliminaries to the kind of revolutionary warfare that has torn South Vietnam to pieces.

The primary source of concern was northeast Thailand. As neighboring areas of Laos fell under Pathet Lao control, northeast Thailand was increasingly subject to Communist infiltration. Ambassador Kenneth Young called it "aggression by seepage."

The land is poor, ill-suited to farming, awash from the monsoons half the year, sun-baked the rest. The region's nine million inhabitants are poor. They live in small villages, scattered over jungle and arid wasteland. Among them sickness is common, malnutrition widespread, illiteracy high.

The Thai government has besieged the 15-province region with all kinds of crash programs of economic aid and development. But there are still many villages that have not been visited by a doctor in generations; villages that are still separated from one another by a trip of 50 miles or more over rutted ox-trails.

Many formerly isolated villages have, however, been reached by new all-weather roads and have felt the benefit of government services and commerce with the outside. By opening up such areas, the government hopes it has prevented revolution.

According to William Bundy, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, "Thailand is a real success story of American aid." His optimism might be more contagious if the same thing had not been said in 1957 about Vietnam.

Nevertheless, Thailand is not Vietnam. It has never known colonial rule. Its population contains no large, potentially divisive religious or ethnic minority. It has no shortage of land; the land is widely owned and yields a surplus of rice in a rice-deficit part of the world. The government seems stable and firmly allied with the West, and presides over an economy that is attracting more and more foreign capital each year. US aid still amounts to only three percent of Thailand's national budget. It is not a bloody battleground but a peaceful, friendly country. American tourists find in Bangkok all the comforts of home – including "Wagon Train" and "Ben Casey."

Yet it is one of the paradoxes of the "success story" that, in the process of "preserving the alternatives of democracy and free choice" in Southeast Asia, the United States has strengthened the very forces that restrict those things. Thailand is in fact ruled by a military dictatorship. For the last seven years it has been under martial law.

Apologists for the regime argue that this is necessary in a state of emergency posed by the Communist threat. But the small rotating group of military gentlemen who have ruled the country almost without interruption since the revolution of 1932 have all along considered Thailand in a state of emergency, and used their powers accordingly, especially whenever the country seemed on the verge of realizing the democratic ideals expressed in its first (and almost immediatly abrogated) constitution.

The majority of Thailand's 27 million people are still bound to the land and to them it makes little difference whether the government is one thing or another. In their traditional political inertia lies the reason for the continuity of dictatorial rule, as well as the circumstances that allow it to seem benign. Even outside the American military community there you hear the belief expressed that Thailand "is a *good* dictatorship."

That benignity is an illusion like the smile of a sleeping tiger, and can vanish just as quickly. A leading Thai Buddhist who ventured to imitate his politically active counterparts in Vietnam was quickly arrested. A Bangkok English teacher, after having been held in jail for six years, was recently tried and convicted of violating the anti-Communist act, and sentenced to three more years in jail. His offense was that he had written a

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poem in which the phrase "class struggle" appeared.

Such extremism in the pursuit of anti-Communism has had the effect of forcing all forms of opposition underground, therefore absence of overt opposition cannot be taken at face value. Opposition to the government does exist and it is growing.

However, there are more immediate hazards to the security of Thailand and to its continued friendship with the United States. Everything hangs on Vietnam. Thailand's leaders watch what happens in Vietnam.

They have been greatly encouraged by the recent escalation of the Vietnamese war. For them, the Tonkin Bay incident carried the United States across the Rubicon in Asia. "I sleep very well now," said Air Chief Marshal Dawee, shortly after the first retaliatory raid on North Vietnam. "Before that I got up in the middle of the night thinking of what my American friends [would] do if the Communists attacked us."

The deeper the United States is involved in Vietnam, the more troops it commits to the battle there, and the wider latitude of action they are given (all measures that Thai leaders like Dawee have advocated for some time), the more encouraged are the Thais in the belief that the United States is willing to pay the price of remaining in Southeast Asia.

They see it as a test of will more than anything else. It is inconceivable to them that the most powerful nation on earth could not preserve the independence of even the most feeble, if it wanted to. If the United States should settle for anything less than South Vietnam's independence, or retreat from its defense in any way, they will think it a failure not of US strength but of the will to use it.

Events in Vietnam at the outset of the summer monsoons, with US air power partially offset and the Viet Cong offensives just beginning, are already testing the Thais' blithe assumption that US power can preserve the independence of South Vietnam. If it should appear in the months ahead that the Viet Cong tide cannot be reversed, or that the US draws the line somewhere short of Korean War involvement, Thailand will do some very serious thinking about its alliances. Thailand has preserved its independence for so many years precisely by the cunning of its statesmen in knowing when to abandon old friendships for new.

"It is the duty of every government," Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman has said, "to scrutinize the [Vietnamese] situation very closely, and to make whatever adjustment may be necessary to safeguard its national interest."

One need look no further back in history than to the Second World War to see the kind of adjustment that Thailand is capable of. Faced with an approaching Japanese force, it declared war on the United States and welcomed the Japanese as comrades in arms.

No one would expect Thailand to decamp dramatically, but the operation is not necessarily a drastic one. Thailand has been careful to limit its role to passive cooperation with the United States. It has allowed US planes to use its airfields for bombing runs against Communist positions in Laos; it has allowed the US to train Royal Laos Air Force pilots in Thailand; it has allowed Thai mercenaries to fly missions in RLAF planes; it has allowed the US to maintain arms depots for possible future use of American troops. But Thailand has not sent a single soldier to Vietnam, and has shown no interest in doing so. It has allowed the US great freedom in the use of diverse military facilities, but it would not take much more than reassertion of its never-relinquished right to be consulted, to nullify their usefulness. The way of retreat is still open to Thailand, and it is no stranger to using it.

The Communist insurgency effort is reported to be intensifying. Assassinations of village headmen and local police suggest it is moving into a more active stage, as in Vietnam in 1957. An Associated Press dispatch from Bangkok recently reported that "groups of Chinese Communists have pushed more than 300 miles into Thailand," a distance that would carry them almost to the suburbs of Bangkok. They are said, by the same astonishing report, to number about 700 men.

On the face of it this report is hard to believe. True or false, it points up an important fact: The press coverage of events in Thailand is inadequate. No American newspaper has a reporter stationed there. The Associated Press has only one, and he is as much concerned with making sure that Bangkok's two English-language newspapers get the daily AP file in time to meet their deadlines, as he is with gathering the news. Thailand is on the circuit of the small group of reporters whose beat is all of Southeast Asia, but their semi-annual visits cannot be expected to keep them or their readers abreast. For the most part what goes on in Thailand goes unobserved, as in Vietnam before the explosive beginning of the war in 1960.

MR. MCGHEE *was recently in Thailand to make a documentary film for National Educational Television.*

COMING: *Gunfire on Israel's border — what it means*
by Elizabeth Monroe

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UN Aid to the USA, 1980

by Robert E. Asher

The United Nations, now 35 years old, celebrated its twenty-first birthday in 1966. In the economic and social sphere, however, it did not truly come of age until after the UN Trade and Development Conference of 1969 decided to extend development assistance on an adequate scale, and in appropriate forms, to the United States of America. The decision represented a calculated risk, taken only after extended debate. The Secretary-General and his staff, who favored this initiative, were severely criticized by those opposed to the venture. Today, a decade later, it is still too early to say that the program begun in 1970 has been a success.

There have, of course, been successful projects. The Swiss-led postal mission, one of the first UN technical assistance teams to arrive in the United States, handled itself with great tact and left a lasting imprint. As a result of the retraining program introduced by the mission for postal employees no longer needed in the package-smashing departments, twice-a-day letter delivery service to residential areas again became possible. Letter-boxes at the principal intersections have been equipped – as European letter-boxes have for decades been equipped – with a simple gadget that can be adjusted after each collection to show the time of the next collection, thereby enabling the citizen-user to know whether he has just missed or just made a particular collection. In addition, mission assistance was instrumental in reducing, from more than two weeks to less than two days, the period it takes to transfer funds by postal money order from Washington, D. C. to London, England. The balance-of-payments crisis, which may have justified a slow-down in the release of dollars during the early 1960's, had long been overcome, thanks in part to US drawings of $600 million in 1964 from the International Monetary Fund, a specialized agency of the United Nations. Nevertheless, the old habits and procedures had lingered on.

The UN Safety Mission, by working closely with a few carefully selected local governments, inspired them to adopt the Paris system whereby easily visible signs affixed to roadside lamp-posts at right angles to the street show the street number of the building most directly behind the lamp-post. In these communities, accident rates, due to careening delivery trucks whose drivers are frantically scanning house fronts for the addresses they want, have been reduced markedly.

In the field of education, the Traveling Seminar on Swedish Economic Policy, originally scheduled for three years but actually in the United States for more than seven, is widely credited with having helped Americans to overcome their fears of automation and to try new experiments in relations between management, labor, and government.

Despite the boost to American self-confidence and national pride given by projects such as these, how should one appraise the costly program of international assistance over the entire ten-year period? Have the warring tribes in Northern urban centers been shorn of their deadly weapons, abandoned their nomadic life, and settled down to productive work? Have the extremes between wealth and poverty been reduced? Has racial strife been allayed and have the Southern states come to terms with the central government? Has Congress been modernized and made more representative? Have the bitter, age-old rivalries of the executive departments been healed and their latent energies harnessed to more constructive tasks? Has this sprawling nation, which once contained 6 percent of the population of the world but whose share is shrinking steadily, demonstrated its will to develop?

Before seeking answers, it will be instructive to consult the 1969 debates, to disentangle the positions of some of the major protagonists.

For too long, a misleading legacy of emphasis on per-capita GNP as an index of development, and capital assistance as the most important form of foreign aid, obscured America's need for technical assistance – aid in developing respect for the law, in abandoning harmful barriers to international trade, in learning to look at economic and social problems with a view to balancing the interests of the small number of people inside its borders with the much larger number of people outside.

Experts had for some years been seeking to downgrade GNP as the major index of development, but in those days they enjoyed less prestige than in today's more technocratic society. In 1961 a group of transportation specialists from Faroffistan did visit the United States. Their report, written by Wilfred Owen, one of the more perceptive members of the Senior Staff of the

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Brookings Institution, stressed America's need for technical assistance in the field of transportation. A long forgotten colleague of Mr. Owen's, Robert E. Asher, writing in 1964 on the nature of the development process, said that ". . . gross national product, per capita income, and other economic indexes in the developing country should move upward, but salvation does not lie in increasing these to the highest degree. The larger pie must have more to it than a strengthened upper crust. A decent sharing of the increased wealth; the elimination of discrimination based on race, color, or creed; higher literacy rates; improved educational facilities; broader and better-informed participation in political life; and efficient and humane administration – these, too, are vitally important." ("The United States and the Developing Countries" in *The Crossroad Papers*, edited by Hans J. Morgenthau: W. W. Norton, 1965.)

The obvious conclusion from the foregoing analysis – that a nation can enjoy a fairly high per-capita income, can be an exporter of capital for investment purposes, and can still need technical assistance on a massive scale – was resisted. The public naïvely believed that nations could and should be classified as "have" or "have-not," "developed" or "underdeveloped," "emerged" or "emerging" countries.

Greater than Ever

Scholars helped spread the myth that the greatest need for technical assistance was in the earliest stages of development. At the next stage, they alleged, the principal need was for capital for investment in economic and social overhead. The shift of labor from agriculture to industry and services would then gather momentum. Before long, the "take-off" would occur. The fledgling society would then soar on its own wings.

In truth, its need for technical assistance would be greater than ever, although its ability to pay for services would have improved. Interdependence, we now recognize more frankly, grows with development.

Eventually, an eloquent background note drafted jointly by Israel and Egypt in 1969 brought home the point that there is nothing odd or odious about simultaneously giving and receiving foreign aid. No nation has ever limited itself entirely to exporting or entirely to importing. All do both, exporting goods that they can produce advantageously and importing those in the production of which they are at a comparative disadvantage. So it should be in the aid business.

Other nations, quite prepared to scrap the "have" versus "have-not" dichotomy and supply UN aid to any nation that could use it effectively, argued that the United States had already received huge amounts of technical assistance on a bilateral basis but had used it wastefully. A multilateral approach, they thought, could be tougher on the United States than any single aid-giver could be.

Regarding the volume of aid already received, various American sources were cited as evidence. The delegate from Pakistan referred to a 1962 article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in which Dr. Ward Darley had said, "It is important to point out that the graduates of foreign medical schools have been playing an increasingly important part in the maintenance of this country's physician-population ratio. In 1950 we added about 300 foreign-trained, licensed physicians to our medical manpower pool. This was 5 percent of all physicians licensed for that year. In 1960, 1,400 foreign-trained physicians were added, or 18 percent of the total number of licentiates for that year. In the years 1950 through 1960, almost 10,000, approximately 12 percent, of this country's licentiates in medicine were trained in foreign medical schools. This is an output equal to 10 to 11 average-sized US schools of medicine."

The delegate from another Asian country, more in sorrow than in anger, cited a 1964 article in *International Development Review* by Gregory Henderson, who had reported that the rate of return of Chinese students from Taiwan, Hong Kong and Southeast Asia, after training in the United States, probably did not exceed 5-7 percent. Korea had sent almost 8,000 students to the United States since 1946, of whom only about 800 had returned to Korea. UNESCO statistics, according to Henderson, indicated that 43,000 foreign scientists and engineers – almost ten a day – immigrated to the US from 1949 through 1961.

The "brain drain" had also been the subject of agitated comment in the European press, to the effect that the United States was already receiving more than its proper share of the world's stock of technical assistance. In the United Nations discussion, the fact that so many of the foreign scientists signed up with the big American corporations, joined the staffs of the best-equipped hospitals, or accepted posts at richly endowed universities was interpreted as proof positive that the foreign aid received by the United States was not reaching the people. It was making the rich richer and contributing to social tension rather than alleviating it.

The Representative of Magrebia (formerly Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia and Libya) argued that the United States was simply too big to be viable, that 25 million people was the optimum-size development unit, and that the UN should therefore adopt a pilot-project approach, concentrating on some particularly needy region of the United States.

Again and again the UN debate threatened to get out of hand. It finally ended, however, on a surprisingly statesmanlike note. A group of smaller countries circulated an aide-mémoire stressing the following points:

1. It was folly to insist that a country be pursuing

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sound economic policies, be possessed of an integrated long-term development plan, be free of corruption, be politically stable and administratively competent, before becoming a candidate for development assistance. The record already made by the United States in the relatively brief period since it had achieved independence was one in which its citizens could take considerable pride.

2. The United Nations in its economic and social programs could no longer tolerate class distinctions among nations. Terms such as "donor" and "recipient" had long been banned from the official literature and euphemisms such as "host country" had been substituted for "recipient," and "technical cooperation" for "technical assistance." It was ironic that the poorest countries were forever serving as hosts and time that the richest country shared this experience.

3. In short, the United States was neither a paragon nor was it beyond redemption. As in other lands, the wish to develop was more widespread than the will. The United Nations, working with progressive elements in the country, should help to translate the wish into the will.

The statement was accepted and the UN machinery began building up to its peak employment of 50,000 technicians in the United States as of June 30, 1975.

The establishment of a Washington agency, through which requests for foreign advisers would be channeled and by which advisers, when they came, would be assigned to priority undertakings, was not made a prerequisite for United Nations assistance This was largely because of the extreme sensitivity of the Americans about the most routine administrative requirements.

Requests that the UN flag be flown at the site of UN projects in the United States, that a commitment be made to continue successful projects after their value had been demonstrated, and numerous other routine requests seemed to have unexpectedly explosive repercussions. The mere sight of a foreign adviser riding down the street in a chauffeur-driven car, with his American counterpart following respectfully at the wheel of his own car, irritated and upset some. And the unfamiliarity of even educated Americans with any language but their own impeded communication and was responsible for a rather large number of embarrassing incidents.

In due course, tolerable working relationships were established though the success of the venture cannot be judged by the present friendliness of the natives, their desire to be loved, and their touching eagerness to please. In sensitive areas like political development, accomplishments have been quite modest. As an outstanding instance, modernization of Congress is a *sine qua non* for the continued development of American democracy, but in the last 16 years the pace of reform of Congress has continued to be painfully slow.

Russia and Vietnam

by Philip Ben

Reports from Prague, Budapest and Warsaw all say the same: Everywhere the Communist leaders are in despair. They see American bombs falling on a "Socialist country," North Vietnam, without the Soviet Union being able to do much about it. They fear that sooner or later they will be called on to ship military and economic aid to Hanoi. They remember the Korean war, when Stalin extracted from all those countries huge aid to North Korea, and which was never paid for, imposed drastic plans to produce more arms, and stepped up the terror and the purges in all the satellite states.

The Communist leaders are also in despair because they badly need more trade with the US, and credits above all. They hoped that 1965 would be, in this respect, a year of great progress. Now everything is stopped. They need American goods, American know-how. But how can they admit it publicly, when American bombs are falling so near Hanoi?

Finally, all the Communist bosses of Eastern Europe are in despair because they fear that if the present situation continues for a few more months, and no means are devised to punish the Americans for their raids on North Vietnam, the present rulers in the Kremlin will be replaced by others, more ruthless and more Stalinist. A member of the Polish Politbureau recently confessed to a trusted visitor that although he doesn't know exactly "the names," there are forces at work in Moscow accusing the present leadership of weakness and preparing a takeover.

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Soviet prestige in Eastern Europe is now at its lowest ebb ever since the end of World War II. So is Soviet interference in the internal affairs of the satellite countries. A knowledgeable East European diplomat boasted a few days ago: "Short of getting out of the Warsaw defense pact, my government can do anything without consulting Moscow." But the Communist bosses are more afraid of the unbelievable loss of Communist prestige than pleased with the measure of their independence from Moscow they now enjoy. They know only too well that their personal power, and perhaps the survival of their regimes, depend on Soviet prestige and Soviet might.

In such circumstances it is easy to understand why in recent weeks the Communist leaders of some satellite countries have, according to reliable information, pressed Moscow for retaliatory action against the US, in order to offset the weak impression created by Soviet inability to react in Vietnam.

But their demand was accompanied by one limitation. This anti-American reprisal must not take place where it would be easiest to carry out: in Berlin. Why? Because, according to the view prevailing now in every European Communist capital, a new Soviet threat to West Berlin would only halt the current disintegration of NATO, and repair the breach between Washington and Paris on one side and Paris and Bonn on the other.

Thus far the Communist leaders have not found any spot on the globe, other than West Berlin, where the US could be seriously weakened without undue risk to the Soviet side. A Polish diplomat stationed in a West European capital explains the present mood of Warsaw with the following story: "The taxi drivers are saying, 'The Russians talk loudly about their guarantee of our Oder-Neisse frontier. But in Vietnam the Americans are bombing, and the Russians do nothing. . . .' "

"Yellow Stalinism"

This unprecedented drop of Soviet prestige in Eastern Europe doesn't mean that these countries are beginning to side with Peking. The prestige regime in Peking is seen in Eastern Europe as a "yellow Stalinism," and the idea of a nonwhite Communist leadership is totally unacceptable. But respect for the Chinese is nevertheless evident in Warsaw, Prague, Budapest and Sofia, as well as Bucharest where the Chinese have long been considered as semi-allies against Moscow. The Communist leaders in those capitals have now all but withdrawn from siding with the Soviets in their dispute with the Chinese. They do not attack the Chinese leadership any longer, and are extremely pleased that the Chinese don't attack *them* any more and limit their assaults to "the heirs of Khrushchev" in Moscow, and to the "Tito clique." Very seldom now does one find a Polish, Czech, Bulgarian or Hungarian paper printing a Soviet anti-Chinese pronouncement. When one does, all the sharper critical references are expunged. The Polish Party Secretariat has issued an order forbidding all party cells to discuss any aspect of the Sino-Soviet feud, and Warsaw, Prague and Budapest are trying to improve relations with Albania, China's European friend. Attacks on the Albanian leaders have ceased completely, and there are even indications that soon the ambassadors of those countries will return to Tirana, the capital of Albania, which they left almost four years ago. (The Rumanian ambassador has been back there since 1963.)

What finally ruined Soviet prestige in Eastern Europe and enhanced that of the Chinese was when the first trains carrying Soviet arms for North Vietnam were halted at the first Chinese frontier station and sent back to the Russian side even before the Soviet ambassador in Peking had time to make representations with the highest Chinese leaders. Now, while some Soviet loads are let through, they are strictly circumscribed by various Chinese conditions. In general they consist of some antiaircraft artillery and ground-to-air missiles. But it is not certain that Russian personnel were let through, and reports about Soviet rockets and military specialists reaching North Vietnam by sea are probably pure fabrication. Since the Cuban missile crisis and the American sea blockade, Moscow doesn't believe that the US will hesitate to halt Soviet arms shipments to a country with which it is virtually at war.

This picture of Soviet humiliation drives home to the East European Communist leaders the apparent helplessness of Russia and makes them wonder whom to turn to. Disappointed in their hopes for increased coexistence with the US, accompanied by greater trade, loans, possibly even aid from the Americans, the Eastern European Communists at present center their hopes on de Gaulle. Only a few years ago de Gaulle posed as ally number one of Bonn. But now recurring German-French differences, French-American quarrels, and de Gaulle's declarations that the problem of Germany must be solved "among Europeans," have enabled the East European Communist bosses to talk about de Gaulle as two years ago they were talking about John F. Kennedy.

The trouble is that France doesn't dispense economic aid in Europe, doesn't give away her surplus foodstuffs, and French credit terms are tough.

Meanwhile, the American bombs on Vietnam are having immense repercussions all over Eastern Europe. Nobody there dares to think what could happen should they continue falling much longer.

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The Johnson-Goldwater Clash

by Tom Wicker

Few political writers actually believe or practice the cynical motto of their trade: "The only way to look on politicians is down." Actually, good political writers like Theodore H. White usually are fascinated by the breed,

The Making of the President 1964
by Theodore H. White
(Atheneum; $6.95)

have considerable respect for many of them, and accept the idea that the ethics of politics permit a practitioner a leeway not conceded to bank presidents, ministers and Scoutmasters.

Politicians, after all, are engaged directly in what F. S. Oliver called the "endless adventure" of governing men – an occupation much broader than investing their funds, salving their souls, or teaching them to be trustworthy, loyal, friendly, etc. They are not really dealing with principles – oceans of florid oratory notwithstanding. They are dealing – or attempting to – with human beings in all their meanness and glory; at best, they are trying, in Harry Truman's phrase, to "persuade men to do what they ought to do without persuasion," and if that requires moderate amounts of dissembling, evasion, sleight-of-hand, overstatement, backscratching, soft soap and snake oil, one need only ask which came first – man or politician?

Still, the unspoken requirement of the political reporter must be that the performers and posturers he writes about really are seeking office for a useful cause, really are governing toward some gainful end, really have weighed the consequences of their deeds. The game must be worth the candle and, at the moment of final judgment on men involved in large events, there is no real alternative to ruthlessness.

That is particularly so in the case of a book as likely to make a powerful impression upon contemporary and historical conclusions as *The Making of the President 1964*. This is an immensely readable account of the Johnson-Goldwater clash, primarily because Theodore White is fascinated by politics and politicians, writes of them with love and understanding, knows in impressive detail the rules and geography and pitfalls of the system in which they move, and rarely forgets that that system grows naturally out of a nation and its people, their environment and experience, their necessities and prejudices, their hopes and fears.

In many ways, this is the equal – and in some ways the superior – of Mr. White's much-read predecessor on the Kennedy-Nixon election of 1960. That is particularly so since the 1964 election did not have the inherent drama or the glamorous hero of that wild, cliff-hanging clash of four years ago. Mr. White has worked hard to make up the difference. Commercially, he probably hasn't succeeded, since the new book can hardly be called "about Kennedy." But this may be a more searching piece of contemporary history, a book about 1964 and the 20th Century, not just about an election.

Mr. White has gone much more deeply, this time, into the whole American milieu. He pauses long on the Negro revolution and writes with much understanding of what it is all about – not contenting himself with seeing it as a mere election issue. (He is not so understanding of the civil rights debate in the Senate, and drastically underestimates the role of Senator Dirksen.) In discussing Goldwater's difficulties on "the bomb issue," he takes the trouble to explore thoroughly the regulations and problems of nuclear command and decision – something few reporters were able to do in the campaign.

The "inside" vignettes that made the 1960 book memorable are present again. Here is a fascinating account of how an ex-sign painter took over the Republican Party of the state of Washington in the name of Barry Goldwater. Here, too, is the story of Clifton White and the Goldwater volunteers, invisibly collecting the delegates to nominate their man – even as he took his lickings in the public primary arenas. And here is deserved tribute to those picaresque promoters of Henry Cabot Lodge – "Goldberg & Grindle," a delightful pair of shoestring operators who very nearly changed the whole course of the campaign. Nelson Rockefeller is traced in detail as dogged as his own hopeless campaign. Richard Nixon's adventures of 1964 are seen as part of a Job-like series of misfortunes that began with the banged-up knee of the 1960 campaign.

Moreover, some portions of Mr. White's book could be lifted out whole and reset as a short, authoritative account of Lyndon Johnson's accession to the Presidency and his swift seizure of the Administration. Mr. White plainly does not lose his heart to Mr. Johnson as he did to Mr. Kennedy; he saw Johnson in 1964 as "performing flawlessly as President, though less well as a human being." But he is reporter and student enough to recognize Mr. Johnson's enormous achievement and talent, and to give them their due (although I thought he did not draw the conclusion fine enough that it was Mr. Johnson's early budget-cutting exploits, not the later campaign, that won him the support of business and scored a historic breakthrough toward business acceptance of the whole program of the modern Democratic Party.) And his insight into the President's character is penetrating; none of the so-called Johnson "biographies" can touch these chapters.

Mr. White also is well-informed on the central episode of the Democratic campaign in 1964 – the rejection of Robert Kennedy and the choice of Hubert Humphrey as the Vice Presidential candidate. Here, his own estimate of their relationship demonstrates what an

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unmitigated disaster for both men and their subsequent Administration the choice of Kennedy would have been; yet, one cannot avoid the impression that Mr. White thinks the President Did Bobby In.

It is in making such judgments that I fear Mr. White goes a little soft. In retrospect, there was the same tendency in the 1960 book. In that volume, for instance, the mind of Stuart Symington was labeled "as fine an executive instrument as Washington possesses." Adlai Stevenson's chances at the Democratic National Convention made for fine drama – but in the opinion of most other reporters Mr. White sharply overrated them, as well as the fears of Mr. Stevenson entertained by other candidates.

Now Theodore White confronts Barry Goldwater and very nearly makes him the hero of this book. Goldwater's contribution to American political history seems to me here so far inflated as to demand argument, if not rejection. That is ironic, in one sense, for a footnote tells us that Lyndon Johnson gave Mr. White no private interviews or other personal privileges; yet his understanding of the President and his account of the Democratic campaign is remarkable. Mr. Goldwater, on the other hand, seems to have been more willing to confide himself – and the result seems to me to be misleading, in several major particulars.

Discussing the "Negro business," as one random voter termed the undercurrent of racial bitterness that marked the 1964 campaign, Mr. White says not once but several times: "Goldwater, with high responsibility, would not touch the issue."

Well, it is true that when William E. Miller and Dean Burch first accepted the support of the Ku Klux Klan, Goldwater caused them to retract; it is true that he agreed with President Johnson not to incite racial violence; and it is true that he did not openly appeal for the racist vote.

Beyond that, I challenge the statement that Goldwater would not "touch the issue." Not from the day his campaign began was there the slightest doubt that Goldwater and his backers tried to get the votes of the Southern states and the so-called "backlash" elsewhere. One can accept Goldwater's word that he voted against the Civil Rights Act of 1964 on constitutional grounds; yet, that vote was preceded by lengthy strategy discussions and there were plenty of Goldwater sources to tell reporters that the vote – however sincere – was in line with the "Southern strategy." (Later, the Republican National Committee suppressed a pamphlet picturing Goldwater as a friend of the Negro and a member of the NAACP; the Democrats were shipping the pamphlet into the South, possibly jeopardizing the Goldwater strength in those states.)

At the Republican convention, Goldwater did not lift a finger to strengthen platform commitments on civil rights; he allowed even the mild proposals of George Romney – primarily a semantic improvement on those of the platform – to be shouted down by zealous Goldwater delegates.

It may be said that that was only an emotional response by Goldwater conservatives to the long-awaited victory over the liberals; give them no quarter. But to millions watching on television, how could it seem anything but an invitation to the racist and backlash vote – an invitation Barry Goldwater did not attempt to refute or deny?

How charitable are we to be about those campaign speeches so subtly linking "violence in the streets" and the rising crime rate with the civil rights movement? For example, what conclusion is to be drawn – what conclusion was meant to be drawn – from a single paragraph in Minneapolis mentioning "gang rape" in California, "the degradation we see going on in the large cities of the East," and concluding: "Throughout the year men have gone into the streets to seek with violence what can only be found in understanding." After one such passage, Goldwater added: "Every wife and mother, yes, every woman and girl, knows what I mean." I am a Southerner and I have heard such remarks all my life. It was not just every wife and mother who knew what it meant.

National Democratic candidates, moreover, have lived uncomfortably for years with the likes of J. Strom Thurmond. Barry Goldwater threw his arm around Thurmond's shoulders.

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Mr. Goldwater certainly is not a racist and, true to his agreement with Lyndon Johnson, he incited no one to riot. But his greatest contribution to the racial situation was that his candidacy kept George Wallace out of the race – no small achievement. And it speaks volumes about the Goldwater candidacy.

Mr. White further describes Goldwater as a "frustrated intellectual." The minds of Goldwater students reel at this revelation. In fact, Mr. White's own account of the Goldwater campaign – he is unsparing about its mistakes, misdirection and ineptitude – refutes the idea of a man who only needed a little more education, a broader horizon.

The phrase "frustrated intellectual" is tricky and a little slipshod – not worthy of Mr. White's generally excellent style. It could mean, on its surface, someone who should have been an intellectual but who had been barred from that status by circumstance. In fact, intellectuality is an elusive quality of mind – a tendency, a potential; it cannot be acquired by education nor erased by the lack of it. What must be meant here, then, is that Goldwater is an intellectual somehow prevented from realizing the full range of his capacities.

Diligent reading of whole volumes of Goldwateriana, a rereading of all the copious samples offered by Mr. White, and the utmost willingness to be convinced have disclosed to me not one shred of evidence, not one poignant indication, that Barry Goldwater is an intellectual stunted in his growth. Indeed, the two capital-letter labels Mr. White pins on him as a campaigner – Prophet and Patriot – in their emotional and mystical meaning virtually preclude the quality of the intellectual.

Mr. White cites a Goldwater speech about "the freedom not to associate" as a "genuine intellectual effort." Yet, he later asks the question whether Goldwater would not have been more credible had he voted for the civil rights bill and otherwise established an unchallengeable position from which to raise questions about individual freedom.

The question makes its own point. Nowhere in the Goldwater campaign was there evidence of a rational and intelligent approach to this vexing problem – either as a political issue or as a deeply disturbing social question. Mr. Goldwater stood against government coercion when it was the lack of such coercion that had permitted Negroes to be deprived of rights, dignity and livelihood; he made no distinction between coercion in the enforcement of law and simple tyranny; and when he tried to equate the "freedom not to associate" with the "freedom to associate" he could not see that the former cannot exist for anyone unless the latter exists for everyone.

Thus, an isolated "intellectual effort" could lend no coherence to a campaign that had no unifying intellectual approach and whose dominant premises could not be squared with the general American experience. (It is hard to understand how thousands massed in Dodger Stadium to cheer denunciations of the government can be described as having lost their freedom.)

"He was a man of cause and of prin-

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ciple," Mr. White writes, "but in his campaign he proved he was no leader, because he could make no bridge from his cause to the realities either of government or of politics." Well, the record of everything Barry Goldwater has said for years discloses that his cause and principles have little relation to ideas – which are the stuff of intellectual life. They are based on *beliefs*, not laboriously developed but accepted without question, not dissected and challenged and thus not really understood. Barry Goldwater has been an impulsive buyer of beliefs, not a shopper – not even a broker – among ideas.

That is why he was inarticulate in his campaign. He could not say what he meant – "he could make no bridge from his cause to the realities" – because he did not really *know* what he meant. He only knew what he believed, and that was not enough. It does account for a mystical, religious quality in the Goldwater campaign that Mr. White caught, and records sensitively. The whole thing was a matter of faith.

It may seem ungracious to continue – Mr. White is entitled to his own conclusions, and as capable as anyone in our journalism of drawing them – but all the foregoing has to be considered in weighing his most resounding judgment on Goldwater, a judgment that Mr. White's eminence is likely to give wide credence:

> "And this will be his great credit in historical terms: that finally he introduced the condition and quality of American morality and life as a subject of political debate . . . he brought matters hitherto non-political into the political discussion. America will be discussing such matters for decades."

And where can comparison be found?

"WALTER DEVRIES, executive assistant to Michigan's George Romney, scolded delegates to the recent convention of the Young Republican National Federation for their 'absurd' complaints about the press, and Carl D. McMurray of Florida State University summarized the entire session by asking what good it does you to be right if you just keep losing elections. He did not ask what good it does you to win them if you are wrong."

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"One must reach all the way back to William Jennings Bryan" who did not make much sense either "but the primitive emotions he expressed were real." And "the emotions Goldwater spoke for were just as real" although he spoke "against a more generalized greed, a more senseless mood of violence, a more subtle corruption than did Bryan."

If expressing the "primitive emotions" of the electorate is the same thing as introducing "the condition and quality of American morality and life as a subject of political debate," then Mr. White's conclusion that Goldwater was the first to do it falls of its own weight; he says himself that Bryan did so a half-century and more ago. But the real question is whether either man truly raised such questions.

Richard Hofstadter, who viewed Bryan as "a provincial politician following a provincial populace in provincial prejudices," commented that in the Great Commoner's "lifelong stream of impassioned rhetoric," he communicated nothing to his followers but what they already believed. One is tempted to apply the same judgment to Barry Goldwater. For if he had a central theme – other than one of those attributed to him by Republican and Democratic opponents – it was the evil and disastrous nature of the federal government ("big government" or "centralized government").

That issue, in 1964, was somewhat analogous to Bryan's fixation on free silver in 1896. If free silver was not so wild a monetary scheme as opponents claimed, and if there are indeed dangers in "big government," the fact remains that both campaigns were aimed essentially at those who already believed – Goldwater himself rejected others at the convention – and both obscured the real necessities of their time.

The overriding political question for Americans today is not how to rid themselves of "big government" but how to learn to live in the society and the conditions that make it necessary. For the realities of 20th-Century life – the Cold War, nuclear armaments, the population explosion, Big Labor, Big Business, instant communications, the demand by all peoples for economic and social advancement – simply require massive central direction of national societies. Who will explore space, to take only one example, if Big Government won't? Big Business cannot – or will not – even finance the supersonic airliner.

The rise of Big Government is man responding to his world. It also is a process fraught with peril to the individual and here Goldwater could have made a contribution; here lies the great unrealized Republican opportunity. The Democrats have adapted rapidly to the demands of the century and, in Wilson, Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy and Johnson, they have given the American people Presidents who could respond to these demands effectively. But neither party has given much recognition or thought to what may be happening to the individual in his housing project or his air-conditioned office building, on his superhighway, at the end of his 37½-hour week, or to his children either in their pressure-packed educational system or in a world growing so affluent as to offer them little useful to accomplish.

If Theodore White is suggesting that Barry Goldwater seriously raised these questions in the 1964 campaign, I respectfully beg to differ. Mr. Goldwater did talk about "old values" and he did deplore violence and crime and immorality but he repeatedly laid these matters only at the door of a "curious crew" that were running the "big government" in Washington.

None of his speeches (nor his earlier books) disclose to me any understanding of or much thought about those 20th-Century processes that have demanded "big government" in Washington; none suggest any real dissatisfaction or misgivings about massive industrialism, omnipotent technology, sprawling affluence; nowhere is there any realization that it is these inexorable developments, not the efforts of government both to cope with and encourage them, that are reshaping the quality of American life and morality. The Prophet, after all, was using a computer to find out what he had been saying for fifteen years, and the Patriot delighted in an automatic gadget that raised the flag above his luxurious house in Arizona.

Barry Goldwater rejected nothing of 20th-Century American life but the New Deal and questioned none of its really disturbing qualities; the only

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thing he damned was the power of the government, to which he attributed any momentarily obvious social or economic problem. Then when he disclosed his plan to combat crime and violence, the scourge of big government stood – like the king in the fairy tale – without his clothes on. He said he would pack the courts with judges who would convict – not merely ignoring the real causes of criminality but relying upon that very governmental authority he said he feared and upon which he laid so much responsibility for the national shortcomings.

Beyond this failure to comprehend or respond to the basic questions of "the quality of American life and morality," Goldwater failed to be an encouraging example of the "quality of American life." Confused and stumbling on the issues he chose to raise, ignorant or ill-informed on others, devious if not deliberately divisive in his attitudes toward the gravest social question of the year, exhibiting little in the way of decisive or informing leadership even for those who worshipped him, coexisting with some of the shabbiest elements in political life, Goldwater too often seemed the antithesis of that "whole man" of whom he spoke in his acceptance speech at San Francisco, even of that rugged individual whose virtues he extolled.

At one point, Mr. White seemed to me finally to put his finger on the prime trouble with Goldwater as a candidate and as a leader. He believes that the affable Arizonan never hungered much for power and responsibility, as John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson so obviously did. He wanted office less than an audience, believers more than power.

Mr. White points out that as the campaign wore on, and defeat became a certainty, "Barry Goldwater was less a candidate for the Presidency than the spokesman, and the prisoner, of a cause." One suspects he always had been. Like Bryan, he was content to tell his people what they already believed; in their hearts, they knew to begin with that he was right, and so did he. And when it ended in shattering defeat, he still had no doubt of it and fired off a telegram to Lyndon Johnson, making the same old points, stating the same old case. Nothing taught, nothing learned.

Sartre in the Round

by William Phillips

This new collection of essays does not show Sartre at his best. But it is quite typical, which comes to the same thing, for such is Sartre's genius that he can be banal and brilliant, foolish and wise, stale and original. What he has going for – and against – him is that he covers so much ground. He writes on philosophy, literature, art, criticism, society, politics, people – like an old-

Situations
by Jean Paul Sartre
(Braziller; $6)

fashioned literary intellectual who makes a profession of being an amateur in all fields. Still, it is this very quality of generalizing his concerns and interests that gives his mind its peculiarly modern appeal.

It is really Sartre's intellectual style rather than any of his beliefs that makes for his brand of modernity. His perpetual improvisation, his pursuit of justice, his dedication to radicalism as a way of thinking – all these modes so characteristic of Sartre's writing create an air of timelessness and topicality, a permanent youthfulness that cuts across the competitiveness of generations. So intent is Sartre on keeping his eye on humanity as a whole that he is constantly dissolving the particular in the general in a way that blurs the concrete meaning of things and people. Sometimes he is out to fit facts into theory, but usually he ignores ordinary distinctions because he thinks of existence as a form of action. Hence people, ideas, events are constantly churning to produce "little histories" that are part of "big histories." The effect is a kind of action thinking: brilliant, arbitrary, freewheeling, and self-justifying. (Long before the current fashion, Sartre spoke of thinking and writing as an "act," as Blaise Cendrars did earlier.)

Such a method – or turn of mind – can be both illuminating and suffocating, particularly when it is infused with Sartre's own brand of Marxism, which uses the notions of history and necessity to explain the Communist position and the idea of freedom to explain his own. Sartre is most illuminating, however, when he has a specific subject that cannot be squeezed into contemporary politics. Perhaps his greatest talent is for relating men to ideas. One is reminded of Dostoevsky's genius for making philosophical questions human questions, except that Sartre needs real men and their ideas, because he cannot conceive of anything outside of history, and for Sartre this means the making of history. Thus he is at his best in the marvelous portrait of Tintoretto, whose life is generalized by Sartre into a parable of the modern painter. But at the same time the pertinent details of Tintoretto's life are connected plausibly with Sartre's picture of Venetian society and with the lives of other figures like Titian and Michelangelo. And what comes through is a portait of the artist as a practical man, as a man, that is, who is always playing the game, ruth-

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lessly, and justifying it by proclaiming the purity and sacredness of the medium. The type is a familiar one, particularly in the plastic arts, where one can hide behind the craft when questions involving one's intelligence and humanity arise. And, as Sartre points out, since the craft is for sale, the craftsman becomes a merchant. Sartre undoubtedly overdraws the picture; there are other traditions and many other kinds of people in the arts, certainly more disengaged and reckless figures. But Sartre's concern is with the ideas of art into which in various periods the artist fits his life. In this respect his sketch of Tintoretto is wonderfully suggestive of the ways in which talent adapts itself to different situations by simply going about its own business of doing what it can do best.

Some of the other essays, unfortunately, show the effects of Sartre's political thinking. Sometimes Sartre's politics are refreshingly audacious, but more often they sound as though they were flash-frozen in the thirties and popped into the oven for every new political situation. The thirties served as a political school for many people, but some of them have not been able to remember what they have learned and some have not been able to forget. Many graduates of the thirties, on the Left and on the Right, approach every new problem as if it were an old one. Hence they overestimate everything that happened in the thirties and fail to dissociate themselves from the more foolish stances they took, though there may have been good reasons at the time. In Sartre's case, he falls into a personal as well as a theoretical trap. He cannot seem to escape the old jargon – and the old categories – involving things like history, dialectics, and the role of the masses, that makes up so much of the heritage of Marxism. And when he tries to relive the past, Sartre writes about the ins and outs of his dealings with the Communists as though they still mean what they seemed to mean at the time and as though they apply literally to what is happening today. Thus instead of history we get a high-powered anachronism. It seems to be impossible to generalize one's sectarian experience unless one has a sense of humor about one's past.

The poorest essays are on music and painting. The one written as a preface to a book by René Leibowitz, the French atonal composer and conductor, reads like an essay on proletarian music. After Sartre confesses that he knows nothing about the subject, in the manner of a politician who is for art in general but no art in particular, he asks with an over-aggressive humility why it is not possible to create some fabulous new music that would at once continue the experimental tradition and find its way into the heart of the common man. The same indifference to the medium shows in the essay on Giocometti as a painter, though in a different form. Here the theorizing which ends up in a tour de force of irrelevance is mostly of a rhetorical kind. I suppose one could argue that the play of Sartre's mind is more interesting than a good deal of art criticism that is presumably trained on its object. Still, one must question what Sartre actually sees in a painting, since he obviously looks at it through a haze of metaphors about being and nonbeing. In another piece, though, on a book by André Gorz, a little-known French writer, in which Sartre takes a similar approach, one does not object to the intellectual recreation of the work (though a textual critic certainly would complain), perhaps because there already is a convention of not sticking to the subject when talking about literature. And since Sartre does not really believe in literature, at least not in the conventional sense, he engages us instead in a dazzling exploration of the psychology of existence as he tries to connect his own ideas with the new forms of anti-literature.

The strength and the weakness of Sartre's genius is most evident in the essays that are both personal and political: on Camus, Merleau-Ponty, and Paul Nizan. All three contain remarkable bits of intellectual portraiture; and each one is full of the naive, nagging, dated political views which Sartre trots out triumphantly as though they were new and irresistible insights. In the long, quarrelsome, and ambiguously felt piece on Camus, Sartre exhibits his great flair for observing the manner in which the style of a man sums up what he stands for and what he thinks he stands for. He describes quite eloquently the force of the young Camus, who was both a principle and a man; and he is also terrifyingly apt when he speaks of the "moral pedestal" Camus carried around with him. But then one observes sadly Sartre's misuse of his talent in his exploitation of an old and specious argument to associate Camus' condemnation of Russian labor camps with reactionary criticism. Similarly, in his life-sketches of Merleau-Ponty and Nizan, there are some dazzling accounts of those moments when each man fused with a time and a place. But then these essays collapse into endless, tortuous polemics against Sartre's critics. And though Sartre is constantly appealing to History and Freedom – his two animating, almost personal, intellectual Gods – one feels that the purpose of all these political discussions is to prove that the precise distance at any time between Sartre and the Communists was right and inevitable. What a waste that his unusual gift for a kind of fictional nonfiction should be expended in an area where political reality cannot be overcome. For the recreation of lived lives and real events to which Sartre brings his remarkably fertile mind requires an attitude that is speculatively open and, therefore, always plausible. Even more than most literary forms, these retroactive happenings are killed by doctrinaire politics.

Unfortunately, one cannot talk about Sartre without talking about his politics. Partly this is because much of his thinking is political, partly because he has made a habit of pushing an honorable position into an absurd one. But it must be said that Sartre's achievements cannot be reduced to his politics. At a time when we are overrun by people who confuse their careers with their ideas, one must admire the intellectual virtuosity and boldness, amounting to genius, of one of the few remaining men of letters.

COMING

The Courage of Irony

Katherine Garrison Chapin
on the poetry of Allen Tate

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Vietnam: Remembrance of Things Past

by Bernard B. Fall

As the Vietnam morass grows deeper by the day, Mr. Bator's little volume comes as an extremely disturbing reminder that all this has exactly happened once before, without variation. There are the oversimplications of the issues at hand; the quest for unwilling allies to join in the crusade – for the then-President's view was that "no Western power can go to Asia militarily, except as one of a concert of powers [including] local Asiatic peoples"; the threat to go it alone; and, finally, the dragging of the feet at the conference table and the eventual refusal to endorse its results.

Vietnam: A Diplomatic Tragedy
by Victor Bator
(Oceana; $7.50)

One of Washington's most astute congressional leaders of the time was to give the following appraisal of that earlier American policy for Vietnam:

> "American foreign policy has never in all its history suffered such a stunning reversal. We have been caught bluffing by our enemies. Our allies and friends are frightened and wondering, as we do, where we are headed. We stand in clear danger of being left naked and alone in a hostile world."

This, of course, is Lyndon B. Johnson, speaking in May, 1954, and quoted in Mr. Bator's book.

Victor Bator is a Hungarian-born international lawyer and diplomat turned writer. His study covers the key period 1953-1956 when the present American policies for the whole Indochina peninsula took shape as France's power and colonial influence began to wane. This is no book of sensational revelations, of "inside" exposés – in fact, in his foreword the author specifically states that he "makes no claim to new independent research" – or of freshly-revealed archives; it is, rather, a quietly understated attempt at presenting for the first time a somewhat-less-than-glorious phase of American diplomacy to the interested English-speaking reader. For all the facts which Mr. Bator so diligently marshals are of course known to the specialist, or in any case *should* have been; and certainly were in that precise context in Britain and France where they may well have influenced the leaders to attempt the Suez operation of 1956 alone, rather than to trust American diplomacy again.

That apparently self-imposed limitation of the author to already published materials is a pity, for there still are a good many primary actors of certain of the 1954 events whose views, even off the record, could have added considerable depth to the present account: such American military men as Generals Gruenther, Ridgway, and O'Daniel; diplomats such as Kenneth Young or Roger Seydoux (now French Representative to the UN, but in 1954 the Number 2 man in the French Embassy in Washington); and many of the senior congressional leaders. Even so, however, some public-minded soul should make a charitable contribution to a fund which would make a certain number of copies of the present far-too-expensive volume available to the White House, the Congress and the State Department for intensive study – for the same policy mistakes already seem to have been made in part once again, and the ensuing pitfalls seem extremely close at hand.

The author describes in detail how, at the beginning of 1954, the United States (or, specifically, the late Secretary Dulles) deliberately undercut all chances of a meaningful negotiation between France and the Viet-Minh guerrillas. He attributes that reluctance entirely to internal American considerations; after all, the Republicans just a year earlier had defeated Truman on the contradictory promises of both ending the war in Korea and "rolling back the Iron Curtain." But Bator seems to have missed yet another reason: Until far later than justifiable, and through the same incredible overoptimism and misreporting as prevails now, US intelligence estimates simply and purely failed to realize in what desperate straits the French were in even *before* the battle of Dien Bien Phu began. If

Aerial view of the great march in Selma, Alabama in April

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anyone doubts this, let him read a formerly top-secret message sent on February 10, 1954 by Eisenhower to Dulles (who was then in Berlin) to tell him that the pessimistic estimates of the French about their own military situation were flatly contradicted by the American senior military adviser in Vietnam, who thought that they were doing rather well. In fact, they collapsed within three months.

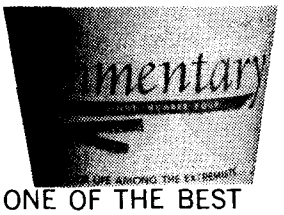
But as disaster loomed, it became clear that homegrown resistance against American involvement *not* only in a ground war in Asia (a view almost totally rejected by everyone concerned, from Eisenhower on down) but even in *air-support operations in behalf of the* French agonizing at Dien Bien Phu, was so widespread as to be almost insurmountable. Eisenhower's insistence on a clear congressional mandate to commit US forces in Vietnam provides an interesting study in contrasts between now and then; or between the styles of two Presidents. Hence, the refusal of the British under Churchill to provide an international coloring for the operation (in 1965-vintage Washingtonese, this is being referred to as "showing the flags of 30 nations in Vietnam") finally doomed the project of a military intervention which, in the view of many observers then, might well have led to a Sino-American ground war of even vaster proportions than the just-terminated Korean conflict.

About the Geneva Conference of 1954, little is found here that has not been said elsewhere, except that the author adds further evidence that it was Dulles' "most bizarre performance of his Secretaryship" and that, after having almost refused to participate in it and failed to join in the Final Declaration, the United States literally fumbled into becoming the *only* nation (in Bator's view through her own separate final declaration) to create for herself "an obligation to defend the settlement. . . . By adopting this line . . . the United States passed the first gate to the unenvied position it occupies today as the sole defender of South Vietnam's independence and territorial integrity." Bator does not bring up the famous letter sent by Eisenhower to Ngo Dinh Diem in October 1954 and which now is being used as the source of the solemn American commitment to South Vietnam; but he makes clear that the American decision to "save" Vietnam alone and, if need be, *against* the views of her allies, was made a great deal earlier than is generally supposed. I am not as sure as the author seems to be that the United States methodically and deliberately eliminated the French from any influence in Indochina and then even "gently elbowed [Britain] out of Indochina." Rather, this may have been an unwitting by-product of the policy of the time, but the net effect, for over eight years, was about the same. And Bator does not fail to pick up the neat irony of a policy which, after having for almost a decade prided itself in its monopoly position in Vietnam, now displays an almost touching gratefulness for every Korean sapper or New Zealand gunner whose presence in Vietnam gives an "international flavor" to the situation.

However, Bator's most important point for the present is that "at no time after Geneva, between 1954 and 1959-60, was the slightest endeavor made to use diplomacy in order to turn the confrontation of the Free World with the Communist Powers in Indochina into a state of tolerable coexistence. The processes of diplomacy were not only ignored but explicitly rejected." That point needs to be rammed home with force today when it is being deplored *urbi et orbi* that the Communists are not responding to American offers to negotiate: There is a fairly solid record that, particularly in 1956-58, when they experienced serious economic troubles, the Hanoi leaders were willing to negotiate extensive "de facto" economic and cultural agreements with South Vietnam which might well have given them a stake in not upsetting a mutually profitable status quo. They were either totally ignored, or turned down by Diem with outright insults, deluded as he was about his own strength. The same had happened to the French in 1952, when they turned down peace offers from Ho Chi Minh – only to be humiliated in public when in March 1954 a grim North Vietnamese official in Moscow refused even to meet with Alain Savary, a French special envoy sent to explore the possibilities of a cease-fire.

And now, as one reads Mr. Bator and the daily newspapers, it seems to be happening for a third time as events in Vietnam slide toward a situation in which what passes for policy owes very little to diplomacy and even less to statesmanship.

FOR LIVELY MINDS



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The Shape of Things to Come

by Edward T. Chase

This two-volume paperback original is said to be the most comprehensive attempt to forecast the world's future scientifically that has ever been undertaken by a journal, in this instance the British periodical *New Scientist*. I believe this is true. The two volumes

The World in 1984
Edited by Nigel Calder
(Penguin; 2 volumes; 95 cents each)

comprise the considered opinions of some one hundred authorities in science and public affairs. An awesome number of them are Nobel laureates. Their scope is vast – not only science and technology but also regional development, domestic life, government, leisure, virtually the whole spectrum of human ecology. The only inhibition placed upon the authors was that their prognostications were to be for the next twenty years, and were to be based on known possibilities, not sheer speculation.

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Here then is the shape of the news, circa 1984. To turn first to the basic datum, man, biological engineering will be so far advanced, including so-called environmental control (for instance artificially created atmospheres within huge enclosures), that scientists will have mastered artificial replacements for many body components plus transplantation of vital organs, manipulation of genetic structure to alter cell heredity, and even the capacity to inhibit the ageing process. Wonderfully sensitive prosthetic devices will be developed, such as an artificial hand, linked to existing nerve channels and hence directed "naturally" by the brain. Medicine will be close to the conquest of viruses, of heart disease and cancer. At the same time, though the conquest of major disease in underdeveloped countries may lead to a 50-percent increase in children's life expectancies and though the world population will soar by as much as 60 percent, the race between food and population will not have worsened decisively quite yet because man will have begun the scientific exploitation of the oceans and will have made agriculture fantastically productive. In addition, we will have at least rudimentary biochemical machines for food production – a tougher task, incidentally, than hitherto was assumed.

Owing to the population squeeze, agrarian reform will have an even higher priority than it does today. Meanwhile systematic farming of the sea will have come to replace the hunting of fish. Tractors for trawling on the very bed of the sea will be operative; one-man scouting submarines will lead fishermen to the most productive grounds; large plants will rear young fish safely through their most vulnerable years, then release them in the richest ocean feed grounds for maturing. Man will also have begun exploiting that most numerous and protein-rich of fish, the tiny (2 inch) krill of the circumpolar Southern Ocean (where krill is the food of the giant blue whale). Underwater dams will be in existence, not only harnessing the strength of ocean currents for electricity, but, used as a series of baffles, to redirect such currents so as to warm cold climates and to turn arid deserts into livable environments.

True climate control will still be distant owing to the unbelievably large order of magnitude of the energy exchange in atmospheric systems, way beyond man's foreseeable mastery. Yet the scientists do foresee such a development as a large nuclear plant on the California coast, we'll say, creating both electricity and potable water from sea water and, by recirculating the hot water a mile off shore, raising the water temperature for a 40-mile stretch along the beach, ending the fogs of yore and creating a new Riviera for recreation. More dramatic still is the possible control of hurricanes by spreading a thin layer of reflective material on the sea surface in the areas where the storms are born so as to modify the excess heating and evaporation of ocean water that cause them.

Climate control, like so much else, will be the beneficiary of a revolution in information: vast increases in computing and telecommunications capacity, including storage and retrieval of information. There will be a proliferation of new forms of energy, such as the use of fuel cells as small power units, widespread use of nuclear fission power and probably by 1984 the beginnings of power generation by controlled fusion. Automation will have invaded nearly all fields. Transportation units (planes, cars, trains) will be largely under automatic control. The explosion of new knowledge (abetted by immensely larger devotion of resources to lifetime education and research) will embrace plausible theories of the structure of the universe and of fundamental particles. We will have attained a close understanding of the earth's and sun's weather as well as direct knowledge of the earth's upper mantle.

By 1984, concern for the urban as well as the natural environment will be at a high pitch. The largest cities will be in Asia. Wildlife will probably be doomed to existence only in game preserves. Cities will be fighting an endless war to control every kind of pollution. With neuroses on the increase,

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the use of behavior-influencing drugs will be common. At least one sociologist, Dr. Michael Young, sees the prospect of people being more family-centered than ever in a natural recoil against an ever more bureaucratized, impersonal world.

The mounting of 36-inch telescopes on satellites, undisturbed by atmosphere, will provide instrumentation in astronomy so superior as to lead to secure theories on the universe's origin. Meteorological satellites will lead to infinitely more reliable weather forecasting. The modulated light beams of the laser, with their vast information-carrying capacity, will revolutionize communications. Instruments detecting living organisms will have landed on Mars. Space travel will have to overcome such a novel problem as half-hour time lapses between transmission of radio signals, so great will the distances be.

On earth the reserves of natural diamonds will be about gone by 1984. No matter; superior substitutes will be plentiful. Infinitely more important will be the paucity of usable water relative to need, leading to a desalinization on a monumental scale. With the proliferation of great cities, the planner will come into his own, "orchestrating the use of land" for multiple ends. We will *not* be living on pills since the protein, fat, and carbohydrates a body needs daily weigh about a pound, making up a hundred or so large pills, altogether too repugnant a form of feeding. However biosynthesis will have developed to the point where petroleum will be used for food (protein) production. Steel and other ferrous-based material will continue to absorb 90 percent of the world's use of metal. Skin divers will spend weekends in underwater vacation hostels. Machines will totally direct urban traffic; tele-video-phones will be common; computers will do instant translations of foreign languages; the 4-day-week will be common; the newspaper will give way to the private home teleprinter.

Meanwhile the greatest concern of all will be for the threat (from new drugs, radiation) of "the most precious acquisition of mankind during the evolution of the species, our genetic equipment." Heavy overcoats will give way to light-weight apparel with tiny batteries interlined. A robot looking like "a box with one large eye at the top, 2 arms, 3 hands" will replace the domestic servant. A computable model of the national economy will dramatically replace our dependence on the blind workings of the price-market system. Primary schooling will be universal. The relationships of the major powers will continue to be stabilized by nuclear deterrents, most contributors think. Under the impact of computerized production and great leisure, work will cease to be glorified. Quite possibly, the socialist wave to the contrary, the independent corporation will be increasingly regarded as the superior, the most flexible agency for the planning, organizing and application of resources. But a great social revolution will sweep Latin America, and possibly Africa, totally reconstituting the dominant social structure.

All this is exciting, bewildering, but how accurate? I. I. Rabi, the Nobel Prize winner in physics, cautions, "it is characteristic of scientists in general that they have no flair for predicting the future." Dr. J. W. Buxton observes, "all the earnest game-playing that went on in the United States in academic and military circles in the late 1950's did not include the game in which Castro would successfully invite the assistance of the Soviet Union, and the placement of rockets in Cuba." Nonetheless we must look ahead, plan. These volumes deserve most respectful attention.

FILMS

More than a Knack

The Knack (Lopert)
What's New Pussycat?
(United Artists)

Richard Lester's film version of *The Knack* is so teemingly imaginative, so fertile in invention, that he forces the viewer to a rare regret: a wish that that director had been a little less inventive, had balanced the pirouettes of dazzling exuberance with a few more interludes of straightforward storytelling. Lester has mined Ann Jellicoe's comedy and, with the help of an adroit adaptation by Charles Wood, has exploded it into a film (no calmer verb will do); but he has lost some of the compass points of the play.

The comedy, as directed by Mike Nichols in New York, was an amusing bag of youthful sexy tricks: about intelligent shy Colin who owns a London house in which self-confident Tolen rents a room. Tolen has many girls; Colin has virtually none. Another youth named Tom casually happens into the house as sympathetic observer. Along comes a girl named Nancy, just arrived in London, who, by asking a question at the window, changes all lives, including her own. Those who know the play may think that the matter of fidelity to the *Urtext* is unimportant, but even a creampuff has a recipe, and Lester has lost some of the comedy's shape. It is on grounds like this that the cinematically gifted sometimes falter. Lester is splendidly talented, and he shows it here even more than in *A Hard Day's Night*; but (unlike the Beatles picture) we end by admiring him more than the film.

To tick off all the disagreeable points so that we can get to the praise: There

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were two moments in the play that gave it impulse and conclusion, and both are missed here. Nancy put her head in the window and asked the way to the YWCA; here she wanders into a junkyard where Colin and Tom have just bought a bed, asks her question, but forgets it as she joins them in the middle of high jinks. We lose the feeling that her adventures begin at "ground level" with an innocent question, then soar away. At the end, Colin's angry flare-up at Tolen is what settled Nancy's mind; here the flare-up is missing and the ending lacks resolution. Colin seems to win by default. There are a few other flaws: Some of the quick dialogue is lost, some of the (deliberately) non-sequitur dialogue goes on too long, some touches are only silly gags (for example, the water-skiing sequence).

But – and it is the hugest "but" in a long time – what pleasures. Even before the titles, from the moment the film starts – with Colin's dream-exaggeration of Tolen's waiting line of teen-age beauties in Avedon-like light – it is furiously, fancifully zestful. Jabs, stabs, pranks, irreverences cascade through it. (Her Gracious Majesty, monks, sex quirks are some of the targets pinked as we hurry along.) There are parodies of Godard, Truffaut, and Resnais that, for a change, are funny. There are dozens and dozens of swift visual jokes that come out of Keaton through Tati with such high spirits that they are not derivations but healthy offspring. (Note a little scherzo with a fence of old doors around a lot where buildings have been demolished.)

A serious achievement of the film – which gives it a dimension far larger than Miss Jellicoe's original – is that it is played against a muttering chorus of oldsters in the street, who comment on the cavortings of the four young people in strings of clichés. For instance, when Colin and Tom are struggling to get over park railings, we get close-ups of a couple of old ladies remarking as one would on performing animals. Most of these choric comments have evidently been "stolen": presumably shot by Lester apropos of subjects that would stir oldsters' ire, then juxtaposed with scenes from his story. Thus the film is made a heartening snap of the fingers at Decorum, Respectability, and Low Spirits, a sort of *L'Allegro* of Shepherd's Bush. The final truthful jab is in the very last sequence as Colin and Nancy stroll down the Embankment: We see that Tolen, the defeated amorist, has joined the croaking chorus.

Rita Tushingham, who played the first Nancy on the London stage, is in the role again and is perfectly all right. But she is reaping a reward that usually accrues to male actors; she gets overpraised because she is not good-looking. Virtues are read into her acting on the assumption that a girl as plain as that *must* be immensely talented in order to be in films at all. She is spirited, convincing, and sometimes has a comfy-slipper, rainy-day sex appeal; but, to me, there is not much more. Michael Crawford is extraordinarily pleasant as Colin, Ray Brooks is almost but not quite credible as the rooster, and Donal Donnelly has a toothy, taking, Irish open-heartedness.

Lester has done well with them, but it remains his picture: one that helps to confirm a new generation in film-making. It is a generation born since the advent of the sound-film, people who do not translate ideas into film terms but who think, create, breathe, purely cinematically. Influences and inheritances from the novel, play, painting, which can all be seen as themselves in the work of some of the best directors, have been well digested in Lester's work, have been turned into cinema tissue. He is one of the film's New Men. There are risks in the sheer joy of being a New Man, in skimping (as noted) some of the obligations raised by the job undertaken. But there are also delights in it, and Lester has filled his film with them.

Another farce, *What's New Pussycat?*, provides points of comparison and of interest on its own. It is an expensive picture, compared with *The Knack*, and that in itself brings contradictions. It could afford two good high-priced performers, Peter Sellers and Peter O'Toole; but it also had to cast three feminine roles with stars – Romy Schneider, Capucine, and Ursula Andress – who are not even competent actresses, let alone comediennes. It could afford color and lush *art nouveau* décor by Jacques Saulnier, yet it has not been overpowered by luxe wrappings; it moves freely. That is its chief virtue; it was made without the machine-tool smell of most expensive comedies.

Yet, ungrateful though it sounds, its chief virtue turns out to be its chief fault. The script is by the night-club comic Woody Allen, who also appears in the picture as his usual self-conscious intellectual bumbler, and it is to him that the film owes its unconventional air as well as its occasional funny lines. (The hero arrives at his girl's apartment when she is showering and kisses her; she says, "Shall I get dressed or is it foreign-movie time?") However, most of the script is made up of material that probably reads hilariously but does not play successfully. This often happens to good humorous writers: S. J. Perelman's sketches, knitted by him into a play called *The Beauty Part*, simply reminded us of how funny they were to read. Allen's material might be funny either read by us or spoken by him with *all* the lines colored by his oblique, self-deprecating humor. When the lines are assigned to different actors, who have to give them even farcical reality, who have to act out, with their bodies, ideas that only *sound* funny when spoken by an intelligent weakling, most of the script is reduced to good intention. Worse, Allen's disregard of convention has led him to write a farce without a fruitful premise to keep it going. The initial situation does not engender much, and the actors, good and bad, are stuck with the job of making the story go, and it doesn't because it doesn't exist.

O'Toole is a fashion-magazine editor in Paris who wants to rid himself of his susceptibility to girls who pursue him so that he can concentrate on one girl and marry. He consults a psychiatrist (Sellers) who is more interested in learning the secrets of his patient's success than in curing him. He trails him

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through a series of girlie scenes, which remain just a series of scenes, varyingly amusing. Sellers, in page-boy wig and velvet suit that jar with the rest of the clothes and settings, and using his now-familiar German accent, seems simultaneously strained and not to be trying at all. O'Toole, however, displays a gift for farce that proves further what a well-trained actor he is and how widely his abilities range. Examples: He stumbles on a step as he comes angrily into Miss Schneider's classroom without letting it disturb his anger, and stumbles again – with slight variation – as he angrily leaves; the big "take" when he is surprised by a girl in his room. Besides the qualities we already knew he had, he shows here the requirements for broad farce: the power of unembarrassed physical release, coupled with precision, sharp timing – and a sense of humor.

There are some points of (quite coincidental) simiarity with *The Knack*. *Pussycat*, too, uses parody (8½ and *Cyrano)*; and also uses the device of having a class in a schoolroom chant bits of private material they have somehow overheard. Clive Donner has directed with generally good control, but in contrast with *The Knack*, this is a writer's picture, not a director's, and Donner's faculties of pace and composition are chivvied by a script that is both weak and "private."

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

The Secretary of Defense

Sirs:

When the managing editor of *The New Republic* praises Secretary McNamara ("The Secretary of Defense," June 26), some of your readers may wonder if this is because McNamara also belongs to the family of managers. McNamara appears to believe that he need have little experience in, or know too much about, the activities which he is managing, because he is an expert in managing. I hope *your* managing editor doesn't believe this.

Senator Morse has pointed out many times that McNamara really put us into the Vietnam mess. Further, Senator

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Morse has called the Vietnam mess McNamara's war.

On several occasions in the past, McNamara has predicted a quick solution to the Vietnam mess. In an average country, a defense secretary who has been wrong so often on such a vital matter would have been dismissed.

Your managing editor stated that McNamara runs off with the ball in State Department matters. This may explain much of our troubles in Vietnam, the Dominican Republic and even France (see the multilateral farce).

McNamara seems to be trying to build a political image when he performs with pointers before the press. Such a briefing job is usually allotted by the military to a junior officer in the information or intelligence division.

Is it good for the US to have a man making its foreign and military policies who acts like a "fool who rushes in where angels fear to tread"?

Elizabeth Robinson
Los Angeles, Calif.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

Sirs:

Stanley Kauffman has wrenched Virginia Woolf out of recognition ("Sense and Sensibility," June 26). Elizabeth Spencer may be *merely* a novelist of sensibility (the emphasis is Mr. Kauffmann's), but Virginia Woolf is not. To take up Mr. Kauffmann's errors in turn. First, T. E. Hulme's chestnut, "spilt religion," is facilely employed and, anyway, is self-defeating in its condescending implication: If religion can be spilt, it must be more than its orthodoxies; that is, it must be an attitude, a spiritual capacity, of which "religion" in Hulme's sense (the conventional one) is after all a kind of packaging. Second, in Virginia Woolf's novels the "luminous halo" is certainly not a state of "grace in a faith that substitutes hyperesthesia for cosmology. . . ." On the contrary, it is restless consciousness itself, desperately in need of a faith, but too honest to mistake itself for any content. Third, Virginia Woolf's characters may want a "safe" (though not an "amorphous") interior world, but they don't find it, and can't; and that is precisely the point of her work. The knit between inner and outer worlds in her best novels is close; she insists on their connection astringently, and takes care to avoid "series of lyric sweeps." Finally, "Superiority - by - withdrawal" is scarcely the lifeblood of Virginia Woolf's art: Unity and harmony are her themes. . . .

Calvin Bedient
Department of English
Emory University

Crackpots, Crack Shots

Sirs:

If *The New Republic* would have a reputation as a spokesman for the intellectual left, it should be a bit more logical than TRB (June 19).

Shrieking against "Educating Congressmen" against passing federal laws to curb "murder weapons" may strike an emotional chord among those whose psychological weaknesses include irrational fear of noisy, nasty firearms, but anyone who is really *thinking* must realize that a firearm is many things besides a murder weapon.

And you don't really believe "news of nuclear bombs" is logically followed by elimination of a need for proficiency with firearms, do you? Perhaps we will have a future utopia in which all is sweetness and light where never is heard a discouraging word and everyone will be a vegetarian, but that day hasn't yet arrived. In the meantime, if you believe "nuclear bombs" is the answer, I'm surprised that you didn't support Barry Goldwater. . . .

The presence in the United States of many, widely scattered Americans who are armed with rifles they can shoot well and who are determined that their country shall remain free is a great deterrent to attack from without, perhaps as great a deterrent as the possession of nuclear weapons. Perhaps to *The New Republic* this is a "crackpot" idea, but history proves to be as full of "intellectual" crackpots as of crackpots who are crack shots. Both intellectuals and riflemen have their place in the world that exists. Many genuinely intelligent men also are enthusiastic riflemen. A "liberalism" that cannot recognize this is no less dangerous to America than those "Minutemen" who are, as you say, crackpots.

James A. Murray, Jr.
Morrisville, Penna.

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